

A Decree betwene Churchyarde and Camell.

A decree vpon the dreame made by Daup Dicar,
Worth answer to Camell, whose tautes be more quicker.

Wher Dicar hath dreamed of things out of frame,
And Churchyard by wryting affirmeth the same,
And Camell contendeth, the same to deface,
And therfore hath put hys doynges in place.
Syrthe both of those twayne hath set forth in myter
The wordes of the Authour, the skyl of the myghter
And runne in thys race, skyl chaffyng the bytte
I thynke in thys case much more then is fyte.
I myndyng as much as lpyth in me
To make them both, as in one to agree
Haue taken in hande the dreame to defende
And so to recite theyr race to the ende.
Not so to approue my learning or skyll
But onely because it becommeth them yll
From rymyng to raplyng so ofte to dygresse,
Wheras reaso and wyl doth wil nothing lesse.
As Dicar hath dreamed so tyme out of mynde,
Some thynges were amys, that some men dyd fynde,
If al thynges were wel, as I woulde God they were,
We shoulde not be plagued from peare vnto peare,
If all men do ryght, what nedeth the lawe,
What nedeth any iustice to hange and to drawe,
If no man be wrynged nor wydowe oppressed,
Then nedeth no care to haue it redressed,
If no man wyl bent to robbe or to steale,
O England thou hast a good common weale.
If no man do hurde nor bydeth in store,
Then England shal haue no dearcht any more
If no man offend by way of excessse.
Then grace doth abound, the fault is the lesse,
If the lustes of the fleshe be putte oute of bre
The world is amendede the people be pure.
If the pooze and the nedye be daylye relpyed,
What man is so mad, therat to be greued?
If no man do slaunde nor styre by debate,
Then Dicar I thynke hath dreamed to late.
If no man do flatter, nor fawne for agayne,
Then may it appeare this dreame is but vaine.
If all thyng be well, and in the ryght wape,
Why do they not vse good lawes to obey?
If no man defraude in byyng nor sellyng
Then happy is Englande, for ther is best dwelling.
If sayth be vnsayned, and wordes do once bynde,
The dreame is all false, and so ye may fynde.
If truth do take place and in al thynges encrease,
Dream no more Dicar, but lette thy dreame cease.
If thys be not so then Camell to you,
I feare me thys dreame wyl proue to be true.
For it is not so geelson wyl vs for to heare,
But the effect of the dreame doth dayly appeare.
And euery man is now in such takyng,
It passeth a dreame, they fynde it out wakyng.
If you be suche a one as neuer had peere,
Then are you faulty in none of thys geere.
But seyng your wrytyng doth seme somewhat quyeke,
You seme that ye smarted because ye dyd byke.
Yet when the dreame was to pryntyng dyrected,
I thynke of the dreamer ye were not suspected,
And where as you contende it doth not belonge,
For Dicar to dreame of ryght or of wronge.
In dede you do well yf you haue done amys,
To shewe hym hys faulte and save thus it is.
And if you so wel know what doth Dicar behoue,
Then ought you to shewe the same to approue.
But me thynketh you want a frendly good wyl,
To deface a good matter though the authoz wer yll.

And certes of you both indifferently to tel
I cannot in your raplynges commend your doynges wel.
And both of you twayne are yet to me vnkowen,
yet can I ayde your doynges, as if they were myne owne,
ye passe from your purpors in such vnworthy sorte,
ye make of your doynges a very laughyng spote.
ye close and ye glose, in sekynge to be fyne,
ye taunt and retauit almost in euery lyne.
ye aspyne ye haue red both Terence and Cato,
ye count ye do but flatter, ye well resemble Gnato.
And looke howe much dyffers a foxe from a foole,
So much do you dyffer from Cato and hys schoole,
For Cato doth aspyne ther is no greater shame,
Then to reproue a byce, and your selues to do the same.
And becaule I wyl not seime your fancy to embrace,
As touchyng your debate, I answer in thys case:
He thynketh in wrytyng ye both haue such skyll,
ye marre a good matter and make it very yll.
Wherby to say the truth it appeareth wel vnto me,
your names and your wyttes vnnunerable be.
Therfore do not thynke that ye can be forborne,
But such as be readers shal laugh you to scorne.
And when that your doynges be througly peruled,
Then by the same deedes ye shalbe acculed.
Ceasse nowe in season cast all contempt away,
Be subiect vnto reason, and make no more delay.
And epyther of you twayne do not refuse to knowe,
As Cato doth enstruste you but strayght embrace it so
whych, though my skil be smal, here thought I to reberte
The text and sence wyl all of euery kynde of verte

*Contra uerbosus noli contendere uerbis,
Sermo datur cunctis animis sapientia paucis,
Cum recte uiuas ne curas uerba malorum
Arbitri nostri non est quid quisque loquatur.*

To strue wyl men of many wordes, refrain I the adulle
It is not geuen to euery man that he shalbe godlye wylse
If thou lye wel do not regarde what wicked men do say
For whyle it lpyth not in vs such wycked tounge to stape,
Thys is it that ye haue read whyche if you lyst to knowe
He wil aswage your sturdi stomes wylch you haue reild so
Take this in wylch good Reber now expound it to þ best
For I haue sayd to theyr deuice, now harken to the rest

The iudgement of the Authour.

Some thyng is a mys and euer shalbe so,
Scripture wyrteth thys as learned men do knowe.
And some men haue the gyft therof to speake and wyte,
Whych fal yet at a lyfte to straye and sonde delpte.
It doth behoue vs all so iustly as we canne,
To do ryght well in dede, and eke to wyte it thanne
How be it in hym I iudge much greater faulte there is,
whych nought can save nor do, but that whych is a mys.
The best may be amended, and that is very true
The more that haue offended, the more we ought to rue.
If any fal from grace gently hym assaile,
Burden hym wylch charity, no rygour can prauaile,
For whyle that the shepherde do wander from the wape,
No maruell if the shepe thereafter go astrape
Some men perhappe ther be wyl take me to the wourth
I pray you iudge of me, as I spake it at the furst
For it becommeth yll in wrytyng to contende,
Wylchout wyte or skyll to make a raplyng ende
Take me to the best, as one to you vnkowen
Whose worthy wyls I do comend a wold w you be one.
Not myndyng so assuredly to spende and waste the daye,
To make the people laugh at me, a here I make assaye,

Finis quod W. Ilderton.

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